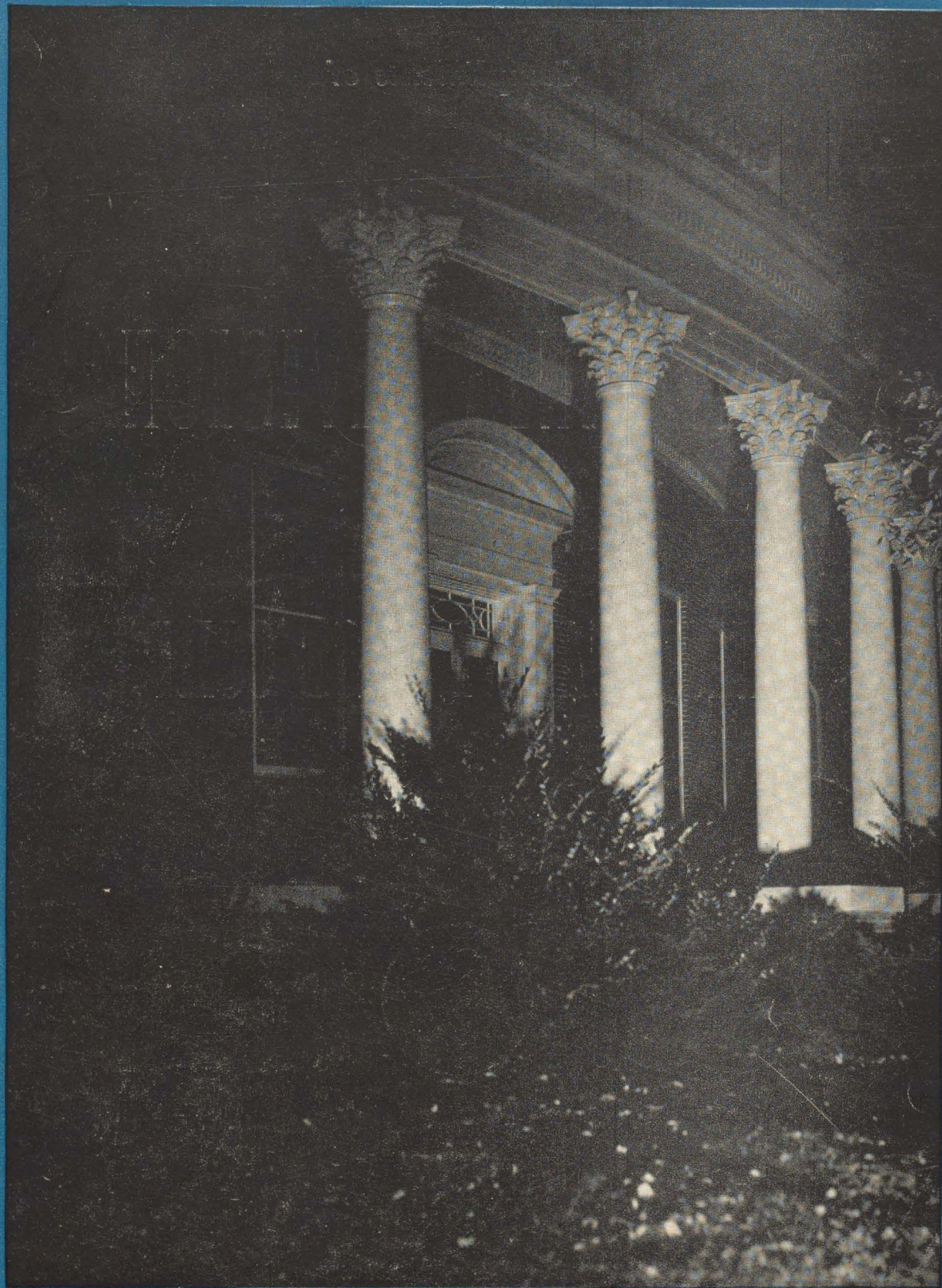


The EPAULET



818

M369e

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1950-51

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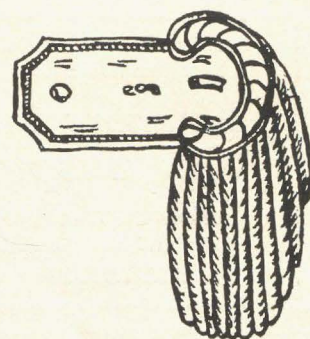
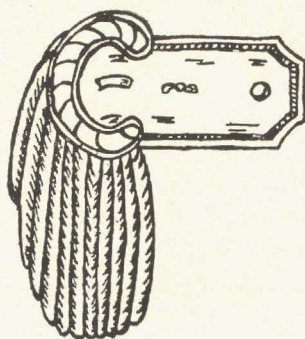
field, Edie Wagner.

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the cover . . .

Seacobeck Hall, the college dining hall, to which two new wings are now being added. Upon completion, it will be a \$1,000,000 plant.



The EPAULET

Published Quarterly by the Students

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of the University of Virginia

Vol. XI

NOVEMBER, 1950

No. 1

Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of

Expressing Them Make Literature

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open letters

Dear Dr. Combs,

We certainly enjoyed having lunch with you the other day. We were most pleasantly surprised when we saw you heading for our table in the dining hall. (Dr. Combs noticed an unusually large crowd in the "C" Shop and decided to find out what the average noonday meal was like in the dining hall.) Chatting with you and listening to your humorous anecdotes gave our meal the touch it lacked.

Fortunately, we didn't have classes the rest of the day and were able to spend the afternoon touring the campus with you. We learned about many things that we hadn't known existed . . . the huge deep freezes being installed in Seacobeck, the plans to make the old downstairs dining room into a rustic recreation room for dates . . . the three tremendous new furnaces in the new heating plant that heats the whole campus . . . the heating plant's 175 ft. tower that soars above every structure in Fredericksburg . . . the "most beautiful spot on campus" where the new group of dormitories will soon become a reality . . . the plans for a terrace over the laundry . . . the fig plant in the hot house . . . our new infirmary (a complete hospital unit in itself, with doctor's offices, private baths, solarium, and even an operating room).

Please come visit us again, Dr. Combs, whenever time permits. We are looking forward to spending more time with you.

Mary and Joan

to the student . . .

To learn to live honorary and unselfishly in a community and to share in the responsibility of the government is a part of the broader education for which we come to college. The democratic ideal of student life on the campus is a good foundation for a sane attitude toward other people. Every graduate wishes to make some definite contribution to

(Continued on Page 4)

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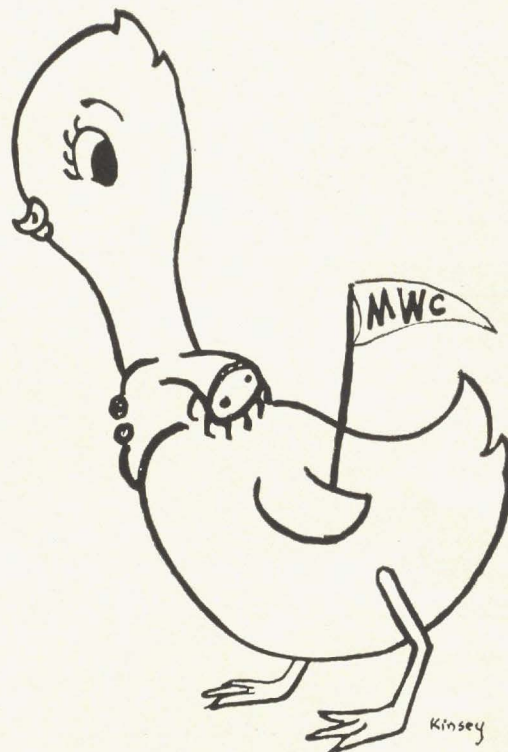
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SLICK

the
Mary
Washington

CHICK

Says:



*When I was homeless and needy
A dog most kindly did feed me.
He said he was Seal from Virginia
And told me a wonderful story
Of his type of life and its glory,
Then asked me why
A chick such as I
Shouldn't give mascotting a try.*

*Then I journeyed to M. W. C.
Where The Epaulet adopted me
And named me Slick, the Mary Washington Chick.
I hope you'll all want me to stay
For I loved my new home in a day.
How right was Seal,
For now I feel
That a mascot's life is ideal!*

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(Continued from Page 2)

the community in which she lives, and to maintain an educated and rational viewpoint toward the social and economic world of today. An educated and well-rounded person stands the best chance of doing this. Mary Washington sets this ideal for each of her students. This is not merely an ideal set by the school—it should be a living goal for every member of the student body. M. W. C. offers us the opportunity—it is ours to take.

The question now arises as to whether or not we want to take this opportunity or had we rather continue in our own little paths without thoughts about the future extending beyond a frat dance a week away. Had we rather go on being selfish, self-centered and discourteous? The student body of M. W. C. responds magnificently to every big demand or suggestion made to it. It is the little things that we seem to forget—the little every day things that make people around us a little happier because we are here

When we have reached the college level the common courtesies should be an intergrated part of our make-up. How can we forget such things as politeness and good manners in the dining halls, class rooms and assemblies. We continue to converse among ourselves, clattering silver, and eating while a hostess bravely attempts to make an announcement which concerns us. At the end of a class period before the professor has finished his lecture there is the din of closing books, the putting on of coats and the slightly muffled "Hey, meet me in the C-Shoppe for a cup of coffee." A speaker, an invited guest of the college starts to speak in convocation; again the muffled undertone of private conversations, the clanging of steel knitting needles and the inappropriate laughter of adolescents.

We want and expect to be treated as adults. Let us put away our childish thoughts and live up to our own standards and expectations.

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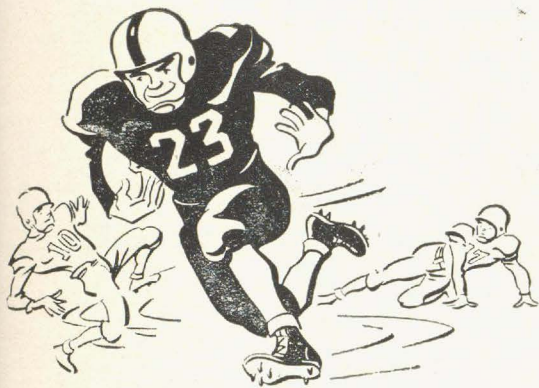
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IMPRESSIONS . . . at a U. Va. football game

By

FRAN GLASS

Pushing, shoving people . . . smells of alcohol, expensive perfume . . . feel of hard tweed, soft fur, and crushed chrysanthemum . . . It's almost time for the kick off . . . Why don't people come to games on time . . . Which gate . . . Did you ever see such a mob . . . Hey, Mabel, you'd better take your ticket in case you get lost from . . . cold mud creeping up through suede shoes . . . And so I bet you 5 to 1 that Virginia will beat by at least one touchdown . . . shoving, shoving . . . nauseating dizziness . . . Why don't they move.

Thank god, I wouldn't go through that again for ANY game . . . Section D . . . Row 1 . . . seats 8-12 . . . Did you say that the game was sold out a month ago . . . Bright colors . . . twirling energetic cheerleaders . . . there's a band somewhere . . . twirling, twirling, twirling . . . cheers . . . shouts that sound like one big voice . . . Hey, mister, wanta bet . . . Who's your girl friend . . . Not bad . . . hard seats . . . teams running on field . . . big, stuffed figures that move along at a seemingly mechanical pace . . . roars from stands . . . That man behind us is drunk, ignore him . . . cigarette . . . peanuts, peanuts . . . Down in front, how the devil do you expect us to see through you . . . Hey, salior, come sit here, buddy . . . Yes, sir, I was in the last war . . . nothing like the Navy, man . . . Oh, that poor man's wife must be embarrassed . . . Why do sensible, mature men act like such foolish kids at games . . . Was that a first down . . . Yes, I saw Mary at the KA house last night . . . Of course, she was with Joe, no one

else would take her out . . . Yes, just as usual . . . She'd better be careful or she'll be up before Stu Gu . . . No, sailor, this is Virginia playing—not North Carolina . . . You're in Charlottesville, not Chapel Hill . . . snap out of it . . . Touchdown! . . . Oh, how wonderful! . . . Joe, darling, what happened? . . . If the Cavaliers could keep that score . . . Listen to that roar . . . What's the score, mister . . . If you don't sit down in front, I'm going to knock your head off . . . Ray for North Carolina . . . Sit down, sailor, this here is Virginia playing not North Carolina . . . See that guy, Susie, God, it would be wonderful to take that much liquor and feel that good . . . Listen to me, James Mahaley, remember that you're not as young as you used to be . . . Push 'em back, push 'em back, way back . . . way back . . . end of first quarter . . . cigarette . . . screams . . . yells, blare of loudspeaker . . . heavy weight on my shoulder . . . Excuse me, lady, but I slipped . . . Gad, you've got nice eyeees . . . Honest, Al, that man . . . Look at that MP sargeant, is he drunk . . . Gosh, he can hardly walk and he's trying so hard to look dignified . . . Well so far it looks like I might win some money on that pool . . . I knew Notre Dame would win . . . We want a touchdown . . . we want a touchdown . . . Who did they just put in . . . that good, ole song . . . No, I didn't sleep well last night for some reason, my stomach was upset . . . But I only had about 7 rye and soda . . . it cheers the heart and warms the blood . . . Hey coke boy . . . Wahoo Wah . . . In a minute, mister, gotta go over here . . . Damn

it you African, I said come here now . . . Coke Boy! . . . Did he learn that language in court . . . the half already . . . Look, there's Seal . . . What are you wearing tonight, Pat . . . Well, What do you know . . . A lieutenant just came and got that MP sargeant that was so drunk . . . Who's going to win . . . V-I-R-G-I-N-I-A . . . What's all the noise for . . . the team is coming back, you stupe . . . Did you ever see such a noisy, crowd . . . Honest, my mother would just die if she could hear them . . . I almost wish that I were back at school listening to the game and doing French . . . So, I told Jim, if he thinks he's going to make passes at me and get away with it, he's mistaken . . . No, I don't want another drink . . . I've had five already and the coke is hot . . . I feel sick . . . Oh, I can't stand him but what do you expect me to do—stay at school every weekend . . . What do you think of our foreign policy . . . Who drank all the liquor . . . I think we should have a rebellion and throw Truman out of office . . . Save your Confederate money, boys, the South's going to rise again . . . It's almost time for the last quarter, let's get out of here and go to the ABC store . . . What are we going to do with his date, he went back to the house . . . another touchdown . . . last quarter . . . my feet are awfully cold . . . I swear, I'll never wear heels to another game . . . And so Ah saaid tu thr man . . . Did you know that Dottie got pinned last night . . . Did you see that old man . . . and he must have grandchildren . . .

(Continued on Page 24)

What's Your

It isn't a question of whether you have been through college, but rather, has college been through you?

The only way to get anything is through giving . . . so "give" and your college days will really be something to remember. Here are suggestions for making better times at college.

Around Campus . . .

1. Join clubs, attend school dances, lectures, plays and lyceums. Get to know *everybody*.

2. Remember you're in college, not in high school. Act like it. There is nothing so disturbing to seniors as feeling they have a "high school kid" among them. Everything is different in college.

3. Play up to the upperclassmen. Don't be cocky. Ask for advice. It will make them feel important and help you at the same time.

4. Don't *live* in the "C" Shoppe.

5. Don't act like you're working for a degree in Bridge or Canasta. Spend that time doing something worthwhile.

6. The library, contrary to established tradition, is not the date bureau. Most kids do go there to

study, so if you're expecting something else, might as well stay home and save the walk.

In the Classroom . . .

1. Don't chew gum insistently, write letters, knit, talk to your neighbors, look out the window, daydream, worry about your love life, carve names in the desk, read novels, or clean your fingernails during lecture. In other words, pay attention!

2. Don't bring midget radios to the classroom.

3. Don't try to read "The Bullet" on Fridays. It might irritate the prof.

4. *Get assignments in on time.*

5. Don't cram before exams. You'll forget everything a few days later, and you'll never pass finals. Less work for you if you learn as you go along.

6. Keep your eyes and ears open for profs who pop quizzes. (We have quite a few.)

7. Don't try to impress the prof with your knowledge by wandering from the subject.

8. Don't be bashful about reciting. It involves your grade and you're probably as smart or smarter than the fellow who sits next to you.

9. Don't raise your hand unless you know the answers.

10. Don't wave your hand madly while another student is trying to answer a question.

11. Don't pile up your belongings, snap your notebooks and pocketbooks and take out your yo-yos until the bell rings. The instructor must first have a chance to say, "We will continue 'The Sex Life of the Mosquito' on Wednesday," before you tear out of the room.

12. Don't "apple polish," unless you're genuinely interested in your professor's *intellectual* companionship. If you don't understand assignments, ask some smart student from your class, alleviating your teacher's time.

In the Dorms . . .

1. Take phone messages accurately and thoroughly. Take special interest in delivering these messages. You'll be remembered for it. Gain a reputation for reliability.

2. Cut your conversations on the telephone. (Cut your conversations.)

3. Don't clutter up the bureau with pictures of your girl friends, boy friends and family. Leave a little space for the next person. Your roommate might have a picture, too.

4. Do you leave the lights glaring in your roommate's eyes late at night? If you want to study, shade your lamp some more, so you won't disturb her sleep. (Be considerate!)

Maladjustment?

helpful hints for freshmen, etc.

By ADA VERGNE, '51

Everywhere . . .

5. Be interested in your roommate. You live together. Act like it! No matter who your roommate is, don't turn against her. Be her friend at all times.

6. Don't run your troubles to people while they are studying. Don't get to be a room-to-room social butterfly. You can be friendly without popping your head in everybody's door all through the evening.

7. Leave the bathroom as you found it. If you found it messy, don't leave it that way, but don't clean up continually after someone else. Come to some agreement with them before you tell everyone else.

8. Don't change roommates every week. Adjust yourself, even if it's necessary to handle the situation by going more than half way.

9. Treat your housemother with respect. Don't try to impress her by tattling. You'll lose all your friends and if she's the right kind of a person, she won't like you any better for it. Don't be superficially sweet to her. Most housemothers haven't a family themselves, and will regard you as their own, so try to cooperate with them.

10. Don't be noisy during study hours.

1. Don't gossip. Even though people will listen to your tales, they won't trust you with anything they wouldn't want told. Learn to be discreet, and gain the respect of others. Don't believe all you hear.

2. Don't gripe. Moods are contagious, so suppress those "pet

peeves," and powder your face with sunshine.

3. Don't break rules. The consequences are not worth it. Think first before acting on an impulse.

4. Don't try to impress people. You will only succeed in boring them. What you are back home is of no importance. Your intrinsic worth in college is what counts.

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

(APOLOGIES)

By VALERIE KING, '51

Once upon a time there was a sweet young college girl called Red. All of her life her mother had warned Red about College Life what with its wild drinking parties, over-night excursions to who knew where, the bridge addicts who played for blood and so forth. Of course, this made little Red study extra hard in high school so that she could hurry up and get to college to see for herself the wicked campus life. When she finally graduated from high school and arrived at the college she had chosen, she was surprised to see only girls, walking around aimlessly with heads hung low muttering, "A man. Oh, for a man!" This surprised little Red and for a moment she thought that she was in the wrong place and nearly turned around to flee home. But then the happy thought occurred that perhaps all the wonderful men hadn't yet arrived at college so early in the fall season. With renewed encouragement she tripped up to her dorm room and looked anxiously about to see if she could find a bridge addict. As she had never seen one close up she tried to imagine what they would look like. Naturally, they'd have blood-shot eyes, tongues hanging out, mangled, bushy hair and a pasty complexion. It was all very exciting. Poor Red, the only girl she saw in her room was another weary creature rapidly pouring over True Confessions. When Red entered the room, her roommate grunted and then went on with her reading. "Perhaps," thought Red, "This girl is homesick. I will cheer her up." So in an effort to be friendly, she began to talk about the wonderful summer she had had, the boys she'd dated and all the clothes her mother had

bought her to take to school. She did her best really, but the girl gave her a withering glance, told her to shut up for heaven's sake, and "stomped" out of the room. Red began to feel very sorry for herself as no one, absolutely no one, had ever spoken to her that way before. In desperation, she unpacked the lunch her mother had given to her, and decided to go on the campus to eat it. She had no sooner gotten settled when a long, black Buick pulled up, and a male's husky, eager voice said, "Want some company?" Red, being naturally polite, replied, "of course," and the young man

FALL FASHIONS

By

EMILY NEAL

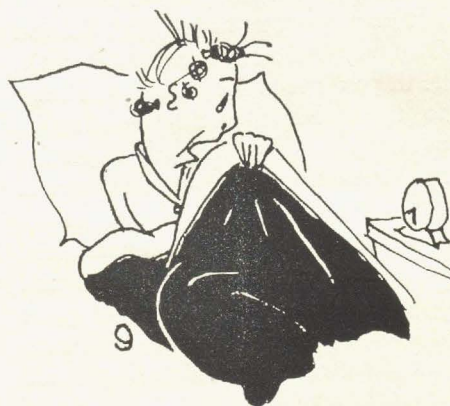
Have you seen them yet?
They are oh! so pretty.
The red, yellow, and brown leaves
Being modeled by the trees.

lunged out of the car. Our little heroine had a fleeting impression of rather pointed ears, great big eyes and a bulging hip pocket. She offered him some chicken and watched him gulp it down.

"I love chicks," he smirked evilly and then went to work on the pickles. Now Red, who for eighteen years had led a rather sheltered life, decided to introduce herself. The young man seemed very friendly. "I'm Red Hood," she offered, smiling sweetly and batting her eyelashes. "I'm Chuck Pastures, but they call me the big, bad wolf. How about going for a ride?" The new Freshman

didn't know that riding was strictly forbidden at this college for she had not read the handbook, so she jumped into the car and off they went. Red wondered idly if he was going to take her to the historic places of the town, and settled down for a nice, intellectual afternoon. But the wolf had other things on his mind than historic sites—he wanted to make a little history himself. With drops of "drool" dripping from his lips he took her up to a little dusty side road, and then stopped the car. Quite annoyed, Red asked him what his intentions were, that is, if he had any. She was very tactful about the whole thing. "I'm going to eat you up," he growled. Red became thoroughly alarmed. "Help," she screamed. "help, help, help." The wolf grinned ferociously and moved in for the kill. Now, the problem is—how are we going to get Red out of a situation as desperate as this? Is the wolf going to kill her, or is he thinking about the fried chicken in her lunch? Will someone come and rescue her in the nick of time? Yes, that's it. We'll have someone come—how about Pat, the cop? Up in his cruiser-car he zooms, sees poor Red in her plight and saves her. In the sanctuary of his car, she rides quietly back to the college. Back to the ivy-covered walls, the serenity of the campus. Back to—Poor Red. She didn't know when she was well off, now she's just little Red Hood—no more *Riding Hood*.

Oscar Wilde said that in this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it.



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The Love Letters of Jezebel and Alfonso

By LESLIE SCHOFIELD, 'EC

Jezebel and Alfonso have recently met at an exchange dance between their two schools, C. W. M. and I. O. U. respectively. Alfonso has asked Jezebel if he may write to her and she has given him her permission. We shall now follow the ensuing romance by being nosey and intercepting all correspondence between our hero and heroine.

Friday, Oct. 13, 1950, A.D.

Dear Jezebel,

I know I should be proper and wait a few more days before I take the liberty of writing to you, but since today is Friday the 13th, I was afraid that if I didn't write to you today, I might have more than my share of bad luck for the day, but the fact that it is Friday the 13th doesn't seem to worry me as much as it did, now that you are going to let me write to you—I hope.

How have you been? Fine, I hope. Today, I had a hard day, Friday, the 13th you know. I had classes in How to Grow Fruit (today we learned about peaches, and if you'll pardon me for saying so, it reminded me of you), Bugology, (how termites digest wood), Building Construction, (we practiced on Tinker Toys), and English. After English, a group of us fellows were discussing our likes and dislikes in reading. Bobo said he liked "Captain Marvel" and Dodo said he liked "Terry and the Pirates." They asked me if I liked O. Henry. I said no, because the nuts get in my teeth. I couldn't understand why they laughed so hard.

I have 2 minutes to brush my teeth, Mother says I should always brush my teeth, so I will close now and hope to hear from you.

Yours respectfully,
Alfonso.

Monday, Oct. 16, 1950

Dear Alfonso,

Your real sweet letter was waiting

for me in my little old mail box this morning. I was just thrilled to pieces to hear from you so soon and I really don't mind you writing me so soon.

It was just darling of you to say that I reminded you of a peach. I just had to tell my best girl friend about it and she thought it was just adorable.

I thought I was real lucky to meet you at the dance. You looked so distinguished in your horn-rimmed glasses.

I wish you were here to help little old me with my Mathematics course. I just don't know Math from a hole in the ground. I'll just bet that you're real smart in Math, taking all those hard subjects.

I must hurry to my Home Economics class. I'm trying to learn how to be domestic, you know, just in case I should have to know how someday.

Yours ever,
Jezzy

(thats what all my friends call me)

Oct. 19, 1950

Jear Jezzy, (I hope you consider me one of your friends)

I have something very important to ask you. Next week end, the I. O. U. is in the playoffs for the collegiate championship in horseshoe pitching. This should be very exciting, and I would like to have you come here for that event. Saturday nite, in honor of the afternoon events, we are having a dance in the stables. I always did want to belong to the horsey set. The girls are supposed to wear shorts, but of course you're such a sweet, innocent person, and if the idea isn't to your liking, I'll understand if you wear dungarees instead.

I have to go brush my teeth now, so bye, bye for now.

Always,
oyur Alfonso

Oct. 21, 1950

Alfonso dear,

I'm so excited I can hardly breathe I mean I really am.

I'd just love to come to I. O. U. next week end and its just too adorable of you to ask me. I've never seen a horseshoe pitching contest before and I know it'll be just too, too thrilling. Does it hurt the horses feet?

I have my costume all planned for the dance. You'll just die when you see it, I mean you really will. My roommate says it makes me look like Jane Russell. I hope you'll like it.

See you next week end.

Luff,
Honeybun

Oct. 28, 1950

Dear Jezzy,

The most wonderful week end of my life has just ended. I was so happy that you were able to come to I. O. U. this week end. The proudest moment of my life was when you were voted, "Miss Horse Stable." That costume definitely brought out your best features. It made you look entirely different. I was very surprised because you appeared quite different in your street clothes. I certainly was deceived.

I hope you enjoyed your visit to I. O. U. All the fellows are still talking about you. You certainly made an impression. Quite a few of the boys have been making some sort of a bet on you, but I don't understand what it is all about. Something they call odds are now 10 to 1. Maybe you could enlighten me on this matter.

I just finished eating some candy so I'm going to go brush my teeth.

Love,
Aly

And so it goes . . . are mailmen wasting their shoe leather?

Freedom From Fear

By

GERRY RUDERSHAUSEN

We seek the meaning of fear as the moon would fathom the sea. Fear's pleasure and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth. It is as near to you as your life, but you can never wholly know it, for God made the element fear for the heights of heaven and the death of virtue. It is master of the forty-day flood, of gushing springs that feed the well.

How often is fear the root of pleasure. It is not the dread of inner memories of pain, hopelessness, and shame that can create for you delightful pleasure, but fails to quench the thirst of your heart? This pleasure, then, becomes the servant of your fears, and the pangs and guilt are sharpened. For pleasure should

be as the nightingale's song disturbs the stillness of the night, thus not in the slavery of fear.

Stealthily the murderer strangles his partner, fearing the same done to himself. Fear of the strength and ambition of their fellow human beings made the first tyrants. Boastful pride inspires the fear of lacking material gains, causing the birth of slaves and the ripening of avariciousness. The horse that fears his driver is of little use for plowing the soil. Is it not true that the sensitive musician who sings not, fearing he may utter one untrue note in a perfectly beautiful and tender song, is *never* heard? His music falls on his ears alone; his purpose fades into failure. Such are the pains of fear.

Dominant of your heart and mind is fear, of your tongue, vision and motion. This constant inward alarm

is raised by human conventions of society, ruling over words, action, time, and thought. That consistent fear of people's ridicule, criticism and dislike, numbs your heart, stays your hand, and freezes your senses. The soul walks upon all paths and can not turn from fear. It is the human being in his entirety that fear wants.

Therefore, fear is as near to you as your life, and it is destined to dwell in all the world as the sun rules the universe. A few times, picked from the endless spaces of time, fear has been made to lose its terror and ravenous hunger for destruction; it has been blocked and, in some degrees temporarily destroyed. But this element can never be consumed or smothered by mankind. It is like the interminable tide, perpetually rising and falling, ceaselessly washing every shore—as imperishable as that!

Another word must be spoken on fear . . . each created element has both evil and purity. So is it with this element of fear. In order to be worthy of grace and virtue, you must first have the great and magnificent virtue of God-fearing. It is humility, obedience, self-sacrifice to God. It is the root of purity and everlasting happiness. The ecstasy and sweetness of God-fearing glows as the dawning of a pure heart.

No one can tell you what fear is; no one can show you freedom from fear. Just as the musician may sing to you in magic melody, which is in all space, he can not give you the ear which arrests such resonance nor the voice that echoes it. Each of you must be alone in your wisdom and in your understanding of the earth.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes but in liking what one has to do.

Unless education means a short cut to experience, it means nothing.

Abraham Lincoln once said that it is better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak out and remove all doubt.

An Editorial on "Cheating"

From

(the Mercer Cluster, Mercer U.,
in Macon, Ga.)

Most of the authorities in college administrations are of opinion that cheating is a process in which you get nothing for something. But looking at it from a student's standpoint, we might say that if the authorities never cheated, of course they got nothing out of it.

Cheating is immoral, but, for all practical purposes, it is here to stay. My contention is that cheating is not the simple racket it is cracked up to be.

Cheating is far harder to detect than it once was, for as students learn psychology, they begin immediately to apply it. The psychological cheaters are those composing that big mass of people who move from the back towards the front at exam time. They know that this will

create a favorable impression on the instructor. They also know that any professor who is simple enough to watch the front row is probably so dumb that he would not know cheating if he saw it.

That age when people wrote little notes on cigarette packs, copied thing from their cuffs, and bought whole final exams for fifteen cents, is now history. That was the glorious age when the scientific method was applied in the laboratory, and not in cheating.

This era of streamlined cheating has totally defeated its own purpose. In fact, cheating has become downright crooked. It has become too difficult for the dumb people who need it, and has to be used by the smart ones who would get by anyway.



SUE CA

A gay young Parisian de Laine,
Long courted an heiress in vain,
When he said, "now or never!"
She answered, "Au river!"
So he promptly, of course, went in
Seine.

She: So you want to kiss me. I didn't
know you were that kind.

He: Baby, I'm even kinder than that.
—Log

Willie, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to
ashes;

Now, although the room grows
chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor
Willie.

A genius is a man who can re-
write a traveling salesman joke and
get it accepted by the *Ladies' Home*
Journal.

"What's the cat's name?"

"Ben Hur."

"How'd you happen to choose that
name?"

"We called him Ben until he had
kittens." —Polaris

I know a girl named Passion
I asked her for a date.
I took her out to dinner,
Gosh, how Passionate.—Old Line

Grace: "Do you know what chemical
warfare is?"

Lois: "Yes. Chemical warfare is
waged between blondes and
brunettes."

—Virginia Spectator

She was only a bird in a gilded
cage, but she looked like a buzzard
to me. —Turn-Out

The house was too wet to live in—
it had too much due on it.

Young Angus McTavish McHugh
Must be in a terrible stew,
He worked thirty weeks
With his thesis on Keats
To learn that no essay was due.

—Yale Record

Mother: My dear, a nice girl does
not hold a young man's hand.

Daughter: But, mother, a nice girl
has to!" —The Pointer

Slappy: She must be very musical.

Happy: How can you tell?

Slappy: By the cords in her neck.

There was an old man of Lenore
Whose mouth was as wide as a door.
In attempting to grin
He slipped and fell in,
Then lay inside out on the floor.

—Yale Record

The perfect date:

He was broke.

She was late.

Neither spoke.

—Turn-Out

The average girl would rather have
beauty than brains, because the aver-
age man can see better than he can
think.

Why did the cow get a divorce?

She got a bum steer. —Polaris

He walked her to the front door
She whispered with a sigh,
"I'll be home tomorrow night,"
He answered, "So will I."

—Penn-State Froth

A mother and her little boy were
standing at a bus stop when the boy
began to take an excited interest in
an iridescent patch of oil on the road-
way. "Look, look!" he shouted ex-
citedly. "A dead rainbow!"

—Advocate

There was an amoeba named Tex
Most keen on the opposite sex.
When Tex went to work
His keeper would smirk,
"How absurd — an amoeba that
necks." —Penn-State Froth

I wish I were a kangaroo
Despite his funny stances,
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances.

—Old-Line

Frosh: "What's the hurry?"

Soph: "I just bought a textbook and
I'm trying to get to class before
the next edition comes out."

—Yale Record

There is one kind of religion in
which the more devoted a man is, the
fewer proselytes he makes; the wor-
ship of himself.

Talk about the absent-minded
man who would forget his head if it
weren't attached; the other day we
heard of a fellow who has to go to
Switzerland for his lungs.

"How would you like to punctu-
ate this sentence? Mary went swim-
ming and lost her bathing suit."

"I'd make a dash after Mary."

You don't know what love is?

Oh, yessadoo. It's the tenth word in
a telegram. —Log

The battleship was in port and
visitors were being shown around.
The guide was exhibiting a bronze
tablet on the deck.

"Guide: "And this is where our
gallant captain fell."

"Sweet old lady: "No wonder, I
nearly tripped over that darn thing
myself." —Penn-State Froth

They call her Income Tax because
of her staggering figure. —Pointer

g Jokes



ORKMAN

Height of frustration—seasickness
and lockjaw.

Adam-Eve! You've gone and put
my dress suit in the salad again!
—Log

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough
it

In a cabin quite old and medieval
A rounder spies her and plied her
with cider
And now she's the forest's prime evil.
—Profile

A politician is a man who stands
for what he thinks people will fall
for.

Little Alice's baby sister had self-
ishly appropriated and eaten all the
candy. Alice felt badly and tempted
to swear, but her mother's austere
presence complicated matters.

"Mother, can't I wear this once?"
"Why Alice, certainly not!" was
the horrified answer.

"Can't I even say Rotterdam?"
"Oh, why, certainly you can say
Rotterdam, that isn't swearing; Rot-
terdam is a city."

"All right. Then I hope that the
candy'll Rotterdam teeth."

—Polaris

"It's not the work I enjoy," said
the taxicab driver, "it's the people I
run into."

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints houses, I presume?"

"Nope paints men and women."

"Oh, I see, he's an artist."

"Nope, just paints men on one door
and women on the other door."

—Jay-Walker

Girls on summer holiday,
'Ware the handsome wolves of prey.
Be discreet, and only mingle
With the obviously single;
Men are a deceptive lot:
Summer bachelors—some are not.

A farmer once called his cow "Ze-
phyr."

She seemed such an amiable hephyr,
But when he drew near
She bit off his ear,
And now he is very much dephyr.

—Yale Record

A Phi Bete from Princeton named
Rex

Majors in studies of sex.
But he studies so late,
He has no time to date,
So I ex you what difference it mex.

—Yale-Record



Got a match buddie?

Summer Psych Wave

By

HARRIETTE SEELY

This summer M. W. C. opened a psychological clinic under the direction of Miss Mary Annette Klinesmith, a member of the psychology department, now on leave of absence from the college while continuing her studies in advanced clinical research at the University of London.

The basis or core around which the clinic functioned was the class—Psych 431, entitled *Clinical Procedures with Children*, offered this summer for the first time in the history of the college. The purpose of this course was to give students majoring in psychology an opportunity to learn through experience, primary clinical techniques.

Hamlet House was renovated and transformed into a reasonable facsimile of a psychological clinic. A one way vision screen was installed in order that students might observe the children while being tested and also to observe psychotherapy techniques. A microphone was placed in the testing room so that the child's responses might be heard and recorded. Echo tape and wire recording were used to record pertinent information concerning the child's progress.

The students taking the course in *Clinical Procedures* made up the staff of the clinic. They were instructed in the basic principles of psychotherapy and shown how to keep records of such important data as case histories, and therapy interviews.

The clinic offered psychological service to the children of Fredericksburg and surrounding counties. The response to the clinic was overwhelming. Thirty-five children were referred to the clinic by teachers, parents, and physicians. Fifteen of these children came to the clinic for testing only, while the other children ranging in age from seven to fifteen were referred for psychological help.

Unsatisfactory progress in school

or behavior problems were the most common causes for referral; but there were also children whose emotional difficulties had resulted in speech disorders, extreme shyness, or nervous habits.

Each child was carefully tested; usually being given two intelligence tests, such as the Stanford-Binet and the Wechsler tests, one or more diagnostic reading tests, an audiometer test and a test for cerebral dominance. The class was very fortunate to have as a member Miss Evelyn Morgan, an MWC graduate and an experienced psychometrician. It was she who gave most of the intelligence tests. Advanced students aided the testing program by giving reading and dominance tests, gaining at the same time valuable experience.

After the child's tests were completed, his parents interviewed, and his case history recorded, a diagnosis made the suggested therapy was begun. Each student was assigned a child to help. The student staff member was now obliged to draw upon her knowledge of psychology in an effort to discover just how she should begin therapy and at the same time keep her child interested in his remedial work. Those of us who worked in the clinic were now seeing psychology being put to a practical use. No longer were we studying theories from a book but—children—who desperately needed our help.

One of the student's first steps in beginning therapy was to gain support with the child. This was usually the easiest part of therapy for these children responded immediately to the individual attention and affection demonstrated by their "teachers."

Twelve year old John who was referred to the clinic by his teacher, was first diagnosed as a case of psych-mutis—that is he would not talk even though there was no organic reason why he should not. After a few days at the clinic John's teacher remarked after observing him through the one way vision screen

"he has said more today than he has said in six years of school." John's gradual socialization was brought about by intensive psychotherapy and interest on the part of a student therapist.

Perhaps one of the most interesting cases was that of ten year old Walter whose intelligence tests showed to be of above average intelligence; but who in spite of his relatively high I.Q. had trouble reading from a first grade reader. It was discovered that Walter had an emotional block which prevented him from making progress in reading. Intensive psychotherapy and remedial reading measures partially uncovered this block and enabled Walter to make outstanding progress. After a few weeks of concentrated effort he was reading in a fourth grade reader and was so pleased that when the clinic closed Walter eagerly told us that he was "coming back next summer."

The parents of the children came to the clinic regularly for consultations with the director, Miss Klinesmith. Interested parents came to realize that a change in their attitude toward the child and his problem was an important therapeutic factor in the child's progress. The student staff quickly realized the truth "there is no such thing as the problem child"—only problem parents.

All of the students who worked as staff members of the clinic are indebted to Miss Klinesmith for her help and guidance. We went to her at all hours of the day and night with our problems and she never failed to guide our thinking into the proper channels so that we were able for the most part to solve the problem ourselves. She made the clinic a rich and satisfying experience for all of us—for she showed us "psychology at work."

Her dress was tight—
She scarce could breathe;
She sneezed aloud,
And there stood Eve.

—Virginia Spectator

Why Not Try "The Ad Game"

By JOAN DIEHL, '51

BY JOAN DIEHL

Most English majors are faced with the problem of finding an interesting and challenging job after they graduate, unless, of course, they plan to teach. However, many of us who are majoring in English have none of the qualifications of a "school marm" but would still like to reap some profits from our literary backgrounds. If this is your situation, why not try a career in advertising? You'll work hard and long hours, but you'll love it.

Advertising copywriting is about the easiest way for a girl to enter the literary world. Dismiss those dreams of writing for a magazine or overwhelming the world with the great American novel . . . unless you make it strictly a sideline. Glorifying \$5.99 cottons may not be your conception of writing, but at least it's a five-day-a-week job that pays, and you'll be creating every minute. To find that a few of your well-turned phrases brought a huge public response gives a wonderful feeling of satisfaction.

Upon entering Ohio University, I knew I wanted to be an English major but did not want to teach. After a brief investigation of the divisions of the School of Journalism . . . News Writing, Feature Writing, Business Management, Radio Journalism, Pictorial Journalism and Advertising . . . I saw my future in black and white. Advertising would be it! However, even after specializing and learning many technical aspects of the "ad game," a year's experience in retail advertising proved to me that a good literary background is the greatest asset. The technical side, such as copyfitting, type sizes and layout are all picked up on the job much more quickly than a mere text book knowledge of them. Everything that I would have learned had I completed

my course at Ohio, I learned in that one year of actual experience. But I did not have a good literary background and knew that I would not become familiar with Shakespeare or Keats while on the job. Even the copywriter who spends his time writing catch lines for window signs should be acquainted with what the world's greatest writers have said in order to allude to and write clever take-offs on their works.

The next most important requirement for being a "huckster" is experience. The more experienced you are, the more pay you may demand, and the faster you climb to being top man on the totem pole. We all must begin inexperienced, but the easiest "in" is with a small department store or specialty shop that has its own advertising department. Here you will learn all angles of advertising procedure on a small scale. You will write, make layouts for small ads (maybe even some full-page ads if the advertising manager sees you also have artistic ability), mark up the type sizes and styles, scale artwork, appease complaining buyers, and carry on long debates with the ad service department of the local newspaper.

If you never lose your curiosity and consider your many chores as valuable experience instead of resenting the boss for exploiting you, the time will come for you to either take over the boss's job (ad people are like gypsies . . . they never stay in one place very long) or gather your knowledge and samples of all the ads you have written, and move on for bigger game in the form of a large department store. Here you will write and do nothing else. Maybe there will be four or five copywriters . . . one for notions, one for housewares, one for men's furnishings, one for teen-agers and children and one for fashions. At first you

will be in a daze, or better still, a maze of hurrying, high-strung artists, writers, buyers and executives. You won't know what is going on for at least a week, and even then the whole vast network may be beyond comprehension permanently.

The day begins officially at nine, but the proof-runner and research boy yawns through the empty cubby holes at 9:10 with a steady stream of followers that continues up until 10:15 with the entrance of his highness, the advertising manager. As he storms through with a booming "hello friend" from side to side, we find the staff in small, sociable groups, sipping coffee and discussing everything from the time each arrived at his respective dwelling place the previous evening to a muted opinion of the slightly feminine new notions buyer.

Then we hear the new layout artist screaming defiance at our ulcerated advertising manager, and we know it will be safe to paint our fingernails while thumbing through "Vogue" for another half hour.

Completely ignoring the nineteen telephones in the department, the ad manager shouts for everyone to come to his office, and the day begins . . . right before lunch! Lunch-eon engagements are broken, stomachs remain empty and all is quiet momentarily while artists, copywriters and production men work against a deadline on an ad-change. It usually happens that the copy you write for a rip-up ad was the first thing you had been really proud of for a long time . . . a few catchy lines that filled you with new confidence just when you were wondering if you had lost your touch. How discouraging, you say. Why bother beating your brains out when half of your literary gems never get into print. And then you laugh if off,

(Continued on Page 17)



By
CATHERINE A. JONES

*Harvest time, and memories of old—
Harvest time, and our thanks are told.
Our lives are as seeds planted—
Our harvest is how we grow.*

*The farmer plants his crop in season—
Tills his lands and toils with reason.
God's crop is planted—His seed is man.
He gives man wonders untold.*

*A farmer sorrows over the crop that's lost—
For nothing is given in return for his cost.
Our Planter is pained by human shame;
And some people have died not helping man gain.*

*Harvest time is time to shout
When farmers crops are fruitful and stout.
Harvest time in Our Lord's heart
Is when man bears good fruit when earth and he must part.*

*Harvest time, and memories of old—
Harvest time, and our thanks are told.
Our lives are as seeds planted—
Our harvest is how we grow.*

Quote Quiz

1. Discretion is the better part of valor.
2. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
3. These are the times that try men's souls.
4. It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.
5. I would rather be right than be president.
6. Damn the torpedoes; go ahead.
7. Lafayette, we are here.
8. Judge not according to the appearance.
9. He who is satisfied with turnip tops and mutton hash seldom goes hungry.
10. The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it.

See Page 21 for Answers

Why Not Try "The Ad Game?"

(Continued from Page 15)

realize it's all part of the game, and begin again.

What can be said about hats that has never been said before! News-making headlines for fall . . . Headhunters will lose their heads over our new hats . . . Headlighting highlights. What to do with a \$5.99 cotton dress that looks like it was meant for Little Bo-Peep. Play it up, of course! Some people must like it, or it wouldn't be giving the ticket sales to South Pacific close competition in New York.

Little Bo-Peep's no longer blue . . . She's found her sheep and a doll-dress too,

In washable cotton that dramatizes. Spring-fresh hues in junior sizes. Lilac and orchid or pink and blue.

In an old, established store that sells on its reputation and a high mark-up, one will not find such a

panicky stress on pushing new merchandise. Smart combinations just made for you!

And so it goes, all day and far

(Continued on Page 22)*



Gus Washington Lived Here Too!

—By RUTH DE MILLER, '51

Loyalty Period brought Mary the Mother of Washington into the limelight. During a discussion about Washington the question arose as to "What about George's father?" And so even though this isn't February this article wants to introduce the readers to Washington's ancestors and especially to his Father, Gus!

George represented the fourth generation of Washingtons in America. From his great-grandfather Colonel John, George inherited his military tendencies. Col. John, the first Washington in America, had five children the eldest of whom was Lawrence, grandfather of George. Lawrence had three children, John, Augustine and Mildred.

Augustine, known as Gus to his friends, married Jane Butler. Jane died leaving Gus to care for their two small sons, Augustine and Law-

rence. The father and two sons were living at what was then known as Pope's Creek Homestead, later to be called Wakefield, when Gus met and married Mary Ball, after whom M. W. C. was named.

The noted statesmen, entered this world at Wakefield on February 11th according to the old style calendar, but on February 22nd by present day calendars. When the infant was christened George in honor of Mary's guardian George Eskridge, the name broke a long line of Augustines and Lawrences. George, the eldest child of Gus and Mary had five brothers and sisters, in addition to his two half brothers.

Gus Washington moved his family to Ferry Farm, situated on the Rappahannock River on the opposite shore from Fredericksburg. Shortly after the move on April 12, 1743, Gus died from gout of the stomach at the age of 49, leaving Mary Ball

Washington a widow at the age of 35.

Years after his Father's death George was able to recall only that his Father was tall, fair of complexion, well proportioned and fond of children.

Because Augustine, Father of Washington, died when George was young, people seem to credit all of George's attributes and virtues to Mary's training. People forget that Gus taught his young son George rather than hire a tutor. The early teachings and character training given by Gus took root and bore fruit long after his death. Historic Fredericksburg publicizes Mary, the Mother of Washington, but we never hear of Gus. Mary Washington students, too, often fail to realize that George also had a Father, Augustine, who played an important part in molding George's character. Yes, Gus Washington lived here too!

The .

By

ANNE CARMACK

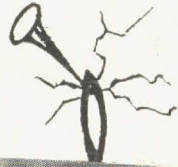
The . is an interestin little thing. One usually sees it trailing along like a caboose at the end of a seentence. In shape, the . is a small,¹ round² dot, and it is nearly always black.³ It is spelled p-e-r-i-o-d.⁴

What actually is a .? First of all, it⁵ is "a dot (.) used as a mark of punctuation at the end of a complete declarative sentence, or after an abbreviation."⁶ Moreover, it is "a full pause at the end of the utterance of a complete sentence."⁷ There we have it. When one comes right down to it,⁸ the . isn't much, but its really very important. After all, the world would be rather a sorry mess without it,⁹ because all the sentences would be running together it would be very difficult to understand other people we would all be very much out of breath.¹⁰ Futhermore, if we were all to be out of breath, no one would be able to talk,¹¹ and the world would be a dreadfully silent place to live in. Now, some people are not able to stand silence,¹² and might even be driven¹³ to commit suicide.¹⁴

Most teachers,¹⁵ too, are very strict about the use of the . . Some even go so far as to mark off if the . is not used. Be sure, however, that the . is used to end a complete¹⁶ sentence; if it is used to end a fragment,¹⁷ it is called a comma,¹⁸ or a period,¹⁹ or a something²⁰ fault. This is not good. Better use the . . It really isn't so bad, and it certainly is a lot²¹ better than committing suicide or flunking out.²²

-
1. The . is usually small, unless it is large, as when used on a billboard.
 2. Round, meaning circular. A faulty typewriter may cause the . to be oval. This must be avoided, since proper .'s are always circular.
 3. It is always black, unless printed in color.
 4. English spelling, not to be confused with the French *periode*, or Spanish *punto*.---
 5. The .
 6. *The Winston Dictionary*, College Edition, Philadelphia, The John C. Winston Company, 1947, p. 721.
 7. *Ibid.*
 8. The planet Earth, which the human race, to which most of us belong, inhabits.
 9. The .
 10. See? We would be out of breath in that we would not be able to respire quietly and regularly. We would gasp, and become exhausted.
 11. Not even old maid aunts.
 12. Silence: the lack of sound.
 13. Not as in to drive a car, but used rather like *forced to*, I guess.
 14. Suicide is the act of killing yourself. People who do this are emotionally unstable, and should see a psychiatrist, unless they are already dead. Furthermore, a rise in the suicide rate must be avoided at all costs. We certainly don't want a lot of people running around slashing their wrists. It's too messy.
 15. Teachers are people who teach. This includes grammar school teachers, high school teachers, and college professors.
 16. A complete sentence contains subject, verb, and usually a few magnifiers.
 17. A fragment is not a complete sentence.
 18. Another mark of punctuation.
 19. The .
 20. I forget.
 21. Lot, meaning a great deal, not a unit of land.
 22. Author's opinion; at least in the case of suicide.

FRAMED! . . . frosh with fresh appeal



1. Thelma Ann Jones, Watchung, N. J. 2. Cornelia Blincoe, Charlottesville, Va. 3. Lennie Jacobson, Washington, D. C. 4. Ginny Thomason, Jacksonville, Fla. 5. Valerie King, Worcester, Mass. 6. Jan Booth, Phenix City, Alabama. 7. Sonny Archer, Atlanta, Ga. 8. Taddy Maxwell, Lunberton, N. C. 9. Peggy Newbill, Portsmouth, Va.

Summer in Europe

By EDIE WAGNER

The pier was hustling with people, baggage was being swept away by huge cranes, tears were shed and cries of excitement could be heard ringing throughout the docks of New York. It was the morning of the departure of the "Ile de France" for the age old continent Europe.

There goes the whistle; in two more minutes the ship will be making its way down the Hudson, past the Queen of freedom, into the salty sprays of the Atlantic. Slowly the grand lady begins slipping through the dark waters leaving the very familiar shores of New York behind. A combined feeling of joy and sadness descends upon one as the world famous sky scrapers deminish into nothingness. The trip at last is becoming a reality as the festivities on board begin. Dancing, dining, and general gaiety are in the very capable hands of our French hosts.

Time has a way of flying, and before you realize it you wake up to see the shores of England enveloped by a fairy like splendor. Another country, different people, and yet basically the same the world over, this was the impression I gained as I traveled through the scenic English country side en route to the city of antiquity, London.

"Victoria Station, Victoria Station," shrieked the loud speakers, the bustle had once again started. Bags were scooped from the boat train, porters from every side appeared to offer their services, horns blew, and news boys shouted the latest happenings in the world.

At last seated in a cab we slowly made our way through the streets of London to the hotel. So much to see . . . Eton College, Buckingham Palace, the renowned Westminster Abbey, Stokes Poges, Hyde Park, Big Ben, Tower of London, and countless other places of interest. From dawn to dusk we tramped the streets

gazing at some of the traditionally fine English buildings.

Time slipped "through our hands" and the day soon came when we bid London farewell. The train sped through the rolling hills and there on the right could be seen the white cliffs of Dover towering majestically over the English Channel. Such a small amount of time before we would once again board a ship to sail to the little country of Belgium.

Being in a foreign country at last became a reality as a combination of French and Flemish assailed our ears. From ships to trains, the procedure was now becoming automatic as we clamoured into the coach on our way to Brussels. Tension was flying in the air, people were discussing the pros and cons of the King Leopold situation. Some sabotage was done but still no decision was reached. Our spirits undaunted, we proceeded to see all the country had to offer. When the day for departure arrived the political situation was so tense that we hired a car to take us into Holland. (I should mention here that some of the cars of the trains were damaged by saboteurs.) The land of the Dutch is rather hard to describe; it epitomizes everything which one reads about it. To see rows of wooden shoes carefully placed outside houses is not uncommon. The country has a wholesome quality which gives one a feeling of cleanliness.

But to continue with our travels; on reaching Amsterdam block after block of parks met our eyes. We later discovered that these parks had once been business sections completely flattened by the shrieking bombs of the last war. These courageous, determined people had taken the ravished remains and out of the rubble had built beautiful gardens. Here was a true example of the stuff of which these Dutch are made.

Vollendam, and the Isle of Mark-

ham, both suburban areas of Amsterdam, still retain their old customs and way of life. The pretty folds of the dresses swished about as the clatter of wooden shoes beat against the stones. Was it a dream, but no, it really was an actuality. In comparison to this gay country, Germany came as quite a blow . . . destruction, desolation, hunger, sullen faces, all mark the Deutschland to today. As our train travelled through Frankfurt and Cologne the cloak of depression descended upon our shoulders. Here was no dancing, singing or drinking of beer to the tune of an outside orchestra, but decay. But Switzerland loomed up ahead and as we crossed the border the weary weight of darkness lifted.

Mountains, Mountains, Mountains, so high and yet so beautiful. A land of wealth and yet of simplicity. Skiing, ice skating, mountain climbing, how meaningless words are to describe such an ethereal country.

The country side with its chateaus nestled among the hills offered many opportunities for excellent pictures. The world famous Mattahorn loomed its cragged peak to the skies as people from all over the world waited in the valley for the cloud to lift. Hour after hour passed and as if a hand had taken the mist and cast it aside the peak in its entirety came into sight.

But we must not tarry. Italy, the land of sunshine, must be dealt with. Accordians playing, singing, gaiety in the streets, live groves, twisting curving lanes, cathedrals, all of these go into making Italy.

The Riviera, engulfed by the beautiful blue Mediterranean, is a paradise of the first order. A feeling of calm descends upon one while sitting watching the serene water lapping against the oddly shaped stones protruding from the sea.

Just a step over an imaginary border and one finds France. Monte Carlo with its constantly turning roulette wheels, Cannes overrun by celebrities and beautiful Nice make up the famed French Riviera where romance flourishes and excitement is a common word. Lolling on the sun drenched beaches . . . oh if it could last . . . but again old father time steps in and demands his due.

A train is boarded at dusk and the wheels sing out "Paris, Paris" with their rhythmic constancy. Hours pass, dawn breaks, and then the gayest city in the world beckons its finger and all must follow. Sitting in sidewalk cafés, sipping wine (yes, it's true . . . it's cheaper than water), making a tour of the shops on the richest street in the world, Rue de Paix, and seeing the Arch of Triumph looming over the Champs Elysee made it a wonder which for the first few days one cannot completely digest. Oh, but we must go to the Left Bank and Montmartre where the artists exhibit their wares and Existentialism flourishes.

Before we leave some mention should be made of the extravaganza, Follies Beigue, Belle Taborin, and Monsieurs where a dozen violins serenade you in a softly lit, smoke-filled room. The narrow twisting steps as one descends down to the win cellar of the Academy of Wines sets the mood for a very gay Parisian night which ends at three o'clock in the morning in the market place with guests devouring onion soup.

With a sigh we slowly turned our backs on the brightly lighted city to once again return to London. A day or two and then Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, Chester, Durham, York, Oxford College

and Windemere with its mystic hills and waters . . . nothing must be overlooked. But wait, bagpipes can be heard in the distance, tartans of every color pass your eyes . . . the land of "Hell's Women" has been reached. Scotland with its rolling moors an drugged country side, encrusted with heather, charms one into the traditional Scottish spirit.

On to Edinbourg where at this moment the music festival is being held. Military displays, plays, concerts, all leave one breathless as the days take wing and whirl away. Loch Lomain and Loch Catrin hidden among the highlands must be seen before we depart. Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is very much with us as we discover the Trossachs Region, but dusk falls and our car turns its way back to Edinbourg.

England again, Manchester, Liverpool, across the Irish Sea, and Ireland with its green shamrocks welcomes us. The country of greenery with its many Lakes of Killarny, the Blarney Stone and half destroyed abbeys are all symbols of this little independent nation.

Boats, trains, and then through Wales back up to England proper. Only a few more days . . . and how swiftly they go. All last minute sight-

seeing, shopping and card sending must be done before getting on the "Ile de France" for the voyage west. In the end all is accomplished and tired, happy people walk up the gangplank to sail over the great water back to America.

The lights of New York reach out warmly to welcome home its own. The most famous lady in the world looks down at us as we slip into the Hudson back to the land of prosperity and freedom.

ANSWERS TO QUOTE QUIZ

1. Falstaff, "Henry IV," Shakespeare.
2. "Endymion," Keats.
3. Thomas Paine.
4. Sydney Carton, "A Tale of Two Cities," Dickens.
5. Henry Clay.
6. David Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay.
7. General Pershing at Lafayette's tomb.
8. New Testament.
9. Somerset Maugham, "The Summing Up."
10. Marcus Aurelius, "Meditations."
11. Thomas Jefferson.
12. Omar Khayyam, "The Rubaiyat."

FARMERS CREAMERY COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Manufacturers and Distributors

QUALITY

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Compliments

of

HICK'S

Why Not Try "The Ad Game?"

(Continued from Page 17)

into the night the light burns in the advertising department of a large, promotional department store, where it isn't unusual to find a complete turnover in the staff each year. But the pay is good, and the time-and-a-half for overtime really adds up. Merchandise as soon as it comes into the store, and consequently the advertising is not such a madhouse. If you have a jittery nervous system, go with this type of store, if possible. Otherwise you will be next in line for the common malady of advertising executives . . . ulcers!

Another phase of advertising which isn't quite as easy to break into is inexperienced agency advertising, where accounts are handled for small stores and companies that do not have their own advertising departments and large, national firms. Agency work is not quite so strenuous as retail advertising, because it does not always require the meeting of newspaper deadlines, other media being used. Working with a big agency is usually more desirable and the next step up from retail advertising. Here again, artistic ability, along with writing helps and means quicker advancement to a top position. It is also much more satisfying to be able to integrate the copy with the layout oneself, than to have someone else limit the copy space and kill the possibility of a more effective presentation of what you want to say.

Advertising isn't for anyone who merely wants a job with the minimum amount of work attached and a weekly pay check. It is for the person who enjoys writing and

realizes how important it is to be interested in his chosen field . . . the job that occupies him the greatest percentage of the day. It is for the person who is willing to keep up with the latest trends by constantly reading fashion magazines, merchandising pamphlets and out-of-town newspapers. It is for the person who refuses to be merely a machine in a

REFLECTIONS

By
JEAN ARMSTRONG

I.

*Bill, he loved a football more than life . . .
Bob, his world was locked inside a book.
And neither one would condescend
To give the other one a look.*

*When Bill passed by, they whispered, "hero."
When Bob walked by, they said, "the brain."
How could they think of them as opposites . . .
When they were so much the same?*

*They both grew up but did not change.
They failed, there is no doubt.
For one could not see into life,
And the other could not see out.*

II.

*Into unmeasured flasks
The wine flows freely . . .
Serving no greater purpose
Than to trickle down the throats of men.
And in the vineyard
Green grapes transform into the
Darker shade of completed growth.
Some pass into drunkenness
While others serve as guides
To what is found beyond the altar
When communion is received.
In disputed tones it is argued . . .
"Which is the quencher of thirst?"*

mechanical world, but who thrives on any challenge to his mental ability . . . a continuous challenge that brings its rewards not only in the pay envelope but in that great feeling called self-satisfaction.

It's on the glasses,
It's on the straws,
On the cigarette tips
At the edge of bars.
Its unique shape
Will catch the eye
And hold it with its
Deep red dye.
The mark of lips
Is the sign of the year
Which says not Kilroy,
But Woman was here.

—Longfellow

JUST LOOKING?

. . . college students are always welcome to come and
browse around in the charming atmosphere of

LAND'S JEWEL BOX

208-210 William St.

Compliments
of
THE HUB
—
LADIES' APPAREL

**Town and Country
Hardware**
General Hardware,
Paints, Glass, Cleaning
Utensils
422 William St.

Compliments
of
**COLLEGE
INN**

**George Freeman, Jr.
and Sons**
FINER FOODS
Phone 24 Phone 73
Fredericksburg, Va.

Compliments of
**Fredericksburg
News Agency**
Newspapers - Magazines
414 William St.
Phone 1141

John F. Scott
Tennis Rackets 4.85 up
Clothes Driers 2.20
925 Caroline St.
Phone 64

We Were Just Thinking

By
BARBARA DAUGHTREY
EDITH JACOBSON

If any young woman who reads this believes herself to be a potential creative writer, we hope that this will be what she has waited to hear.

Because we are equal to simplicity and know well what we believe, our opinions will not be influenced by the mysterious theories normally associated with this theme.

Don't complicate life. Write things as you see them, not as others say they are. Keep your eyes on the little people and what you have to say will create itself . . .

Why labor over style? That part of it is there from the beginning. If you begin to struggle with perfection your work will lose its freshness . . .

Never sit at the feet of any greater writer, but rather at the foot of life . . .

Don't consider any part of life too small for your observation. In just such a situation you may find what you have been searching for . . .

Write a lot—good and bad. If you believe you have done something great tell people about it. If they think so, that's fine. If they don't, it won't matter . . .

You must not let yourself be lured into the realm of dollar bills. Keep your writing free of public influence. Let your writing be you as in you is your writing . . .

To write is to enrich your experience of living . . . It's just like that!

Antique Show
Sponsored by the
Fredericksburg Woman's
Club
December 5 thru 8
College Students Welcome

Compliments of
JUDSON SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHER

Compliments of
M. S. Chancellor
"The Farmers Store"

Adam's Newsstand
All Out-of-Town News-
papers, Magazines,
Supplies
314 William St.

GOOLRICK'S
For Yardley, Max
Factor, Coty, Tussy,
Evening in Paris, Revlon
901 Caroline St.

**Compliments of
Pitts Enterprises**

Compliments
of
**Singer Sewing
Center**

Specialty Cakes
**Hopkins Home
Bakery**

Phone 289
715 Caroline Street

Colony Studios

PRINCESS ANNE HOTEL

Fredericksburg, Virginia
Phone 2188

S. S. Kaufman

Watches, Diamonds,
Jewelry

Repairing a Specialty
823 CAROLINE STREET
Phone 232

Dr. Martin Blatt

Optometrist

COMPLETE OPTICAL SERVICE

803 Caroline

FOR YOUR SPORT
and
DRESS NEEDS

A CASH PURCHASE
is a
CASH SAVINGS
at

PENNEY'S

A Nationwide Institution

SHOPPING TIPS

By

BARBARA RUSH

College Inn: Lush Toll House cookies.

West End: 10c sundaes! and Friday night real Italian spaghetti dinners.

Carley's: Jantzen cashmeres and wonderful looking wool dresses.

Alice Hefflin's: British Imports!

Fashion Plate: Corduroy cloches

Pony Coffee Shop: Fried shrimp and friend chicken dinners, delicious hamburgers.

Joseph H. Ulman: Riding togs.

City Lunch: Best hot dogs in town!

Kenmore Coffee Shop: Home cookin'

**Impressions . . . At U. Va.
Football Game**

(Continued from Page 5)

Come on back to the house for a drink before you dress for dinner . . . touchdown . . . 3 more minutes of play . . . move down, you're taking all the blanket . . . What time did you come up . . . Come on . . . Thank goodness, I don't have Saturday classes . . . That's all . . . There's Sue . . . Gosh, her date is cute . . . pushing, excuse me, please . . . Who won . . . Virginia, of course . . . Sometimes I wonder why people do it just for a game . . . But, gosh, what a terrific game it was!

Compliments of

The

Stratford

Hotel

Meet Your Friends and Classmates
at

"Your Friendly Druggist"

Morton's Drug Store

1015 Caroline Street

FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Drugs

Cosmetics

Colonial Press, Inc.

Commercial Printing
Office Supplies

RUBBER STAMPS

307 William St. Phone 1201
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Joseph H. Ulman

Feminine Fashions

Riding Togs - Costume Jewelry

822 Caroline Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Compliments of

**MAYFLOWER
RESTAURANT**

Phone 9156

Your Cab Just Around
The Corner

HILLDRUP'S

24 Hour 2-Way Radio
Service

Phone 234

519 William Street
Fredericksburg, Va.

"My Choice for Taste and Mildness"

